Iul: Ah *Romeo, Romeo*, what disaster hap
Hath seuerd thee from thy true *Iuliet?*
Ah why should Heauen so much conspire with Woe,
Or Fate enuie our happie Marriage,
So soone to sunder vs by timelesse Death?
Nur: O *Tybalt, Tybalt*, the best frend I had,
O honest *Tybalt*, curteous Gentleman.
Iul: What storme is this that blowes so contrarie,
Is *Tybalt* dead, and *Romeo* murdered:
My deare loude cousen, and my dearest Lord,
Then let the trumpet sound a generall doome,
These two being dead, then liuing is there none.
Nur: *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* banished,
Romeo that murdred him is banished.
Iul: Ah heauens, did *Romeos* hand shed *Tybalts* blood?
Nur: It did, it did, alacke the day it did.
Iul: O serpents hate, hid with a flowring face;
O painted sepulcher, including filth.
Was neuer booke containing so foule matter,
So fairly bound. Ah, what meant *Romeo?*
Nur: There is no truth, no faith, no honestie in men:
All false, all faithles, periurde, all forsworne,
Shame come to *Romeo.*
Iul: A blister on that tung, he was not borne to shame:
Vpon his face Shame is ashamde to sit.
But wherefore villaine didst thou kill my Cousen?
That villaine Cousen would haue kild my husband.
All this is comfort, But there yet remaines
VVorse than his death, which faine I would forget:
But ah, it presseth to my memorie,
Romeo is banished. Ah that word Banished
Is worse than death, *Romeo* is banished,
Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt, Iuliet,*
All killd, all slaine, all dead, all banished.
Where are my Father and my Mother Nurse?
Nur: VVeeping and wayling ouer *Tybalts* coarse.

VVil

VVill you goe to them?
Iul: I, I, when theirs are spent,
Mine shall he shed for *Romeos* banishment.
Nur: Ladie, your *Romeo* will be here to night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Laurence* Cell.
Iul: Doo so, and beare this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier.

Fr: *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamourd on thy parts,
And thou art wedded to Calamitie.

Enter Romeo.

Rom: Father what newes, what is the Princes doome,
VVhat Sorrow craues acquaintance at our hands,
VVhich yet we know not.
Fr: Too familiar
Is my yong sonne with such sowre companie:
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.
Rom: VVhat lesse than doomes day is the Princes doome?
Fr: A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.
Rom: Ha, Banished? be mercifull, say death:
For Exile hath more terror in his lookes,
Than death it selfe, doo not say Banishment.
Fr: Hence from *Verona* art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom: There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe,
Hence banished, is banisht from the world:
And world exilde is death. Calling death banishment,
Thou cutst my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.
Fr: Oh monstrous sinne, O rude vnthankfulnes:
Thy fault our law calls death, but the milde Prince
(Taking thy part) hath rushd aside the law,

And